



# **...My Blind Son...**

## **...Real Story...**

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

In The Name of Allah

...My Blind Son...  
...Real Story...

By:

The Protected By Allah



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Blind.. This is the word that my son Sami opened his eyes to life - the black around him - to hear himself described with wherever he is and wherever he goes. He had not know what light is to be afraid of darkness. He had not even dazzled by the beauty of colors to hate the blackness of darkness. He had not even know how to walk without stumbling to hope to run, he had not even know the meaning of painting to want to draw, he had not even know what handsomeness is to brush his hair, he was never able to be happy with his mother's smile, nor was he able to be afraid of his father's frown (who is me by the way) .. He could not play like a child nor could he be an adult.. poor was my late son Sami..



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**It is a very  
exciting story!**

But do you think that he spent his short life sitting without thinking?!.. No.. He tried hard to learn the language of the blind; Braille, which is the language in which the blind reads words by touching the prominent points as in the picture, and I did my best to buy the special books of him, they were not widely available, and their price was high, and even their appearance was not as colorful or beautiful as children's books that full of colored drawings; the ones you know, they were simple in black and white; does not spread the desire to read, but this was not important at all, because my dear son Sami did not even know what the colors meant to miss them!



He used to pass his little finger on those protrusions (prominent points) with his head forward to wander in his own world, and due to the lack of those books he used to repeat each book dozens of times to amuse himself and relieve his loneliness.. poor you, my son!.. On one of the bright days of his short life, his mother taught him how to pray, and taught him to recite the Surahs (chapters) of the Qur'an -that he had previously memorized- during prayer. I cannot forget how much he was happy with that, he became eager to hear the call of prayers to begin his prayer at once!





I am also not happy to  
leave you, but I have to  
go, believe me, brother!

Ehe..Ehe..  
Brother, please  
don't leave!

Ehe..Ehe..  
I love you!

Who will take me to  
the mosque if you are not  
here??!

Prayer was his way to escape from his painful reality, it was his only way to weave himself a special cloth of happiness, so what would happen if he was deprived of prayer?!.. What would happen if his big brother did not take him to the mosque every day as he always used to?!. We learned the answer of this question when his older brother traveled to complete his studies and then Sami was left alone with sad tears running down his soft cheek.. Poor you, my son.. No, I cannot leave him sad, I cannot go to my friends to have fun and laugh while he is crying at home.. The mercy of fatherhood forbids me to let him suffer misery!

**So what should I do??..** What do you think I should do?.. Should I leave my friends and not go to them in order to take Sami to the mosque?, Or should I leave Sami ignoring his pain and tears in order to have fun with my friends as usual?.. I don't know what you chose, but I chose to be kind to my beloved son and take him to the mosque. I cannot describe to you the extent of joy that appeared on his innocent face when I held his little hand to go together to the mosque, the poor boy almost flew out of joy!, oh, my **Lord**, I had never think that prayer can give human being such happiness, this is what I thought of as I watched his beautiful smile that did not leave his visage that night!



Since that day, we have been going to the mosque together to pray in congregation. In fact, little Sami drew my attention to this happiness that was absent from me. In those days, I tasted the sweetness that **Allah**, Blessed and Exalted be He, bestows upon believers who abandons the fake pleasures of this world exclusively to perform the prayer, as I did when I left my soirees with my friends specifically for the sake of prayer.. **Forgive me, O Lord**. Here I come back to you to talk to you every day with love, and to pray with a desire far from idleness and misguidance!.. **And all this is because You, O Lord**, gave me my dear son Sami the blind, to show me that happiness does not lie in gossip, laughter, and amusement, but rather in utilizing the time to your satisfaction!



But what would happen if there was no more Sami?.. If I no longer had to go to the mosque to make him happy?.. This is the affliction (exam) that befell me when poor Sami contracted a disease that took his life.. He died??.. Who believes?!.. That cute child did died and his funny laugh disappeared from my life.. Oh my **God**, how can we bear his death?.. There was no trick in hand, death and life are in the hands of the wise God who always uses them in our benefits to be good for us!



I was burying my face in my hands gloomy when I heard the sound of the call to prayer resounding (spreading) in the air.. Sami.. Where are you?!. Don't you want to go to the mosque as usual?!. This is what I whispered before I made up my mind and got up, saying: " Now I understand **Your** wisdom, oh **Allah**!!.. **You** blessed me with Sami and made him blind to guide me with him and keep me away from the misguidance in which I was, and now that **You** have guided me and made me love prayer, his mission in this world ended, so you took him to **Your** paradise where children rejoice and be happy!.. **Thank You, Lord.. Thank You from the heart.. Thank You.. Thank You!!!!!!!"**



**...Done With the Grace of Allah Almighty...**



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